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THE
DEPENDANT.

AN
EPISTLE

TO THE HONOURABLE
Sir GEORGE OXENDEN Bart.

ONE OF THE
LORDS COMMISSIONERS
OF THE
TREASURY.

*Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici :
Expertus metuit. -----*

Hor. Epist. 18. Lib. 1.



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DEPARTMENT

EPISTLE

OF THE HONORABLE

SERGEANT AT ARMS

OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ALFRED COMMISSIONER

OF THE

UNITED STATES



THE
DEPENDANT.
AN
EPISTLE
TO

Sir *GEORGE OXENDEN*.



WHILE Nassau's most auspicious Name,

The loudest in the Voice of Fame !

Awakes in ev'ry loyal Heart

The Blessings *WILLIAM* did impart :

While some are busied in Reflections ; 5

And others purchasing Elections:

O born the Ornament of State !

In Courts polite ! in Senates great !

B

From

From loftier Themes for once descend, 10
 And moralizing Rhimes attend.
 I sing the Man, whose adverse Fate
 Dooms him, from Year to Year, to wait
 And fawn at Levees of the Great :
 Whose Fortune base, and Birth polite,
 Will make him cant, or make him write : 15
 Affirm he knows not what, or why ;
 Blame or applaud the Ministry ;
 And act with the aspiring Throng,
 As Int'rest dictates, right or wrong.
 His Quiet and his Health destroy, 20
 To get, poor Wretch ! a poor Employ !
 Which got, perhaps a Year enjoy'd,
 His rising Hopes are all destroy'd ;
 His Patron is remov'd, and one
 Succeeds, with Cousins of his own. 25
 For 'tis at Court, as 'tis at School,
 (The Prince's and the Pedant's Rule)

The best Boy takes the highest Place,
 To bring the Dunce into Disgrace;
 'Till *Friend* thinks proper to remove him, 30
 And set a brighter Lad above him.
 So Men of ev'ry Craft and Station,
 Rise into Vogue by Emulation.

SUCH is the Man the Muse invites;
 Such is the End for which he writes. 35
 O may the Theme propitious shine,
 And make the Muses' Patron mine!
 Then shall I hope, nor hope in vain;
 The Bard no longer shall complain:
 Nor Fee, nor Flatt'ry will he need, 40
 A Place the Promise shall succeed.

COME, venal Muse! my Thoughts inspire,
 Tune to Dependancy the Lyre;
 While I in humble Verse shall paint
 The Vassal and the Sycophant. 45

And

And sure I can; too well I know it!
The Sequel of my Verse will shew it.

OF all the States on Earth accurs'd,
That of Dependance is the worst.

For what alas! can he inherit, 50

Whose whole Dependance is his Merit?

This Age is wiser than the last,

When such Pretences might have pass'd:

Now all a different Maxim hold,

That there's no Merit but in Gold; 55

And he that has good Store of this,

Can never think or do amiss.

Such is the sovereign Power of Gold,

It makes Fools wise, the Coward bold;

'Twill render even *Th--t* courteous; 60

And *Sappho's* Satire strong and virtuous.

Edw--ds by this a Beauty blaz'd!

This *Cib--r* to the Laurel rais'd!

Is *Julius* sprung from noble Blood,
 Is he wise, charitable, good? 65
 The Answer in a Word is found;
 He's worth a Hundred Thousand Pound!
 And what did *Dennis* want but Pence,
 To make his Criticisms Sense?
 Nay *Duck*, if *Duck* was not so poor, 70
 Would delicate as *Har——y* soar:
 And *Cook* in rapt'rous Strains would vye,
 With the fam'd Lord of *Wil——y*.

FULL many a tedious Year have I
 Been Fortune's humble Votary: 75
 Pursu'd the Gipsy thro' the Maze
 Of her inconstant, dubious Ways.
 Now she'd delude my tow'ring Mind;
Florella was not half so kind:
 Then each aspiring Thought destroy; 80
Corinna was not half so coy.

As reas'ning Man, or mimick Ape,
She jilted me in ev'ry Shape.
I first pursu'd the fickle Jade
Through the dark Avenues of Trade ; 85
She taught me how Exchanges went,
How to jobb Stock for *Cent. per Cent* ;
With all the secret Arts of those,
Who to great Wealth from nothing rose :
Of future Life laid out the Plan, 90
And how I should be Alderman.
I now began to strut, look big ;
Became an arrant City Prig :
And thought myself a welcome Guest,
To guttle at a Sheriff's Feast. 95
On *Sundays* gallop'd out to *Bow* ;
Saw *Kitty*, took a Pint, or so.
Visit without the form of asking ;
Toast Lady *L--be*, and Mrs. *G--k--g*.
Elope at Night with Brother Cit, 100
Look smart, and steal into the Pit.

But

But scarce this progress was begun,
 And I'd bespoke a Liv'ry Gown;
 Or e'er one Year had well spun out,
 She turn'd her advent'rous Wheel about; 105
 And I, who thought of nothing less
 Than *Warden's* or *Director's* Place,
 Was serv'd by the deluding Whore,
 As thousands had been serv'd before.

FORSAKING now the throng'd Exchange, 110
 Where Knaves and Fools promiscuous range;
 Where Citizens and Sharpers meet,
 Some to deal fairly, some to cheat;
 And bidding hence a long good-by
 To Brokers, and the Bubble-Cry; 115
 I made a no less vain Effort,
 Dress'd, grew genteel, came up to Court;
 Not doubting but I there should find
 My Mistress more polite and kind.

But

But soon, alas, too soon! I found, 120
 Where courtesy does most abound,
 There simple Truth is seldom seen;
 It dwells not with a Courtier's Mien.
 As well may we expect to meet
 At * *Tur-r's* House a gen'rous Treat: 125
 In *Pedra's* Face a comely Feature;
 From *Alexander Pope* Good-Nature.
 But since 'tis held a Maxim good;
 (By all Wise-acres understood)
 That each, where little's to be had, 130
 Should make the best of Market bad;
 Tho' void of Interest and Bribe,
 I mingled with the motley Tribe.
 I now in State Concerns grew hot, 134
 Talk'd of Schemes, Treaties, G--d knows what!
 This look'd like Peace, and that like War,
 But swore *Sir Robert* could not err.

Call'd

* Of *Gray's-Inn*, vulgarly known by the Name of *Tripe Turn--r*, which he acquir'd by his penurious way of Life.

Call'd *Pul—y*, *Wind—m*, and the rest,
 Rebels, or Blockheads at the best :
 And prais'd each Ministerial Writer, 140

Up from *Concanen* to the *Mitre*.

Yet own, tho' this my chief discourse,

I knew no more on't than a Horse.

Thus (like a Captain on Half-pay)

From *White's* to Court, from Court to *Play*,

I lull'd my mis-spent Hours away :

Bow'd to the Fop, carefs'd the Knave ; 147

To each a Sycophant and Slave ;

In hopes Ill-fortune to beguile,

And catch the tawdry Coxcomb's Smile. 150

Each Place I watch'd that vacant fell,

Lov—ll ne'er watch'd a *See* so well :

Th' Extent and Stretch of Int'rest try'd,

Of all I ask'd, by all deny'd ;

For great Mens Cousins are prefer'd, 155

Before a Stranger can be heard ;

D

And

And when that trite refusal fails,
Gold, next upon the List, prevails.

At length--- In that fam'd, lordly Pile,
The Bulwark of *Britannia's* Isle : 160
Near which *Thames* rolls his Silver Tide ;
And rich-fraught Ships at Anchor ride :
A Place which I had long in view,
And which, by Promise, was my due,
Fell vacant --- 165
The Stipend, (let me see) was clear
With Fees, two hundred Pounds a Year ;
Together with a Habitation,
Fit for a Man in better Station.
With Joy I to my Patron went, 170
A Patron too of Parliament !
And begg'd, pursuant to his Word,
He'd recommend me to my Lord.
But who from Promise hopes to speed,
But leans upon a broken Reed : 175

For

For great Men seldom serve a Friend,
 Unless with him a private End ;
 And can, like meaner Folks, deny,
 If 'tis n't their Int'rest to comply.
 And so it prov'd, for still delay 180
 Postpon'd my Cause from day to day :
 At last assuming better Face,
 I e'en apply'd me to his Grace,
 In whom the Presentation was. }
 I went, came back, and went again ; 185
 But never could admittance gain :
 'Twas now too soon, and then too late,
 Then busy in Concerns of State.
 I huff'd the Porter, and pretended,
 I to his Grace was recommended, 190
 By the Lord such a one, his Friend.
 " Sir, all this talking's to no end,
 Reply'd the Porter ; " if you'd see
 " My Lord, you must produce your Fee :

" Your

“ Your Business may perhaps be urgent, 195

“ My wants too are as emergent ;

“ For all the Wages of the Great,

“ Are just what ev’ry Man can get.

“ Therefore his Grace must be deny’d,

“ ’Till we are duly satisfy’d : 200

“ And since your Ignorance I see,

“ Permit me Maxim, Sir, from me.

“ Whene’er you visit a great Man,

“ But chink the Perquisite in hand ;

“ The folding Doors will open wide, 205

“ And ten to one if you’re deny’d :

“ But if without the Cash you come,

“ ’Tis ten to one if he’s at home.”

I took the hint without rebuke,

And got admittance to the Duke ; 210

And bowing, briefly told his Grace

My Business, and the vacant Place.

To which I hop’d to be prefer’d,

As recommended by my Lord;

That

That I was duly qualify'd ; 215
 And so forth.
 He smiling, candidly deny'd !
 Assuring me the Place was gone
 To a Relation of his own ;
 But that he hop'd he one Day shou'd
 B'impower'd to make his Promise good : 220
 My Lord he knew, and would befriend
 Whoever he should recommend ;
 And thought himself unfortunate,
 That for this Place I came too late !
 I thank'd his Grace, and took my leave ; 225
 Sick of such Methods to deceive !
 For I no sooner had withdrawn,
 But *Florio* (introduc'd by *Lawn*)
 Fraught with *Hibernian* Confidence,
 (That Substitute of common Sense) 230
 Push'd boldly forward to his Grace,
 Prefer'd his Claim, and got the Place.

And as I musing pass'd along
The cringing, fawning, venal Throng ;
That day by day at Levees wait, 235
The Fools of Fortune ! Slaves of State !
I gave my lab'ring Mind a Vent,
And utter'd Words to this intent.
O JOVE ! and all ye minor Gods !
Who set enthron'd in blest Abodes. 240
If this be all your envy'd State ;
If to be false, is to be great ;
O lead me back to *Kentish* Plains,
Where Innocence and Virtue reigns ;
Where Truth and Loyalty's the Guide. 245
Where MIDDLESEX and YOU preside.



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